THE HOME CIRCLE

Aspects of the Pines*.

Tall, somber, grim, against the morning sky
They rise, scarce touched by melancholy airs,
Which stir the fadeless foliage dreamfully,
As if from realms of mystical despairs.

Tall, somber, grim, they stand with dusky gleams
Brightening to gold within the woodland's core,
Beneath the gracious noontide's tranquil beams—
But the weird winds of morning sigh no more.

A stillness, strange, divine, ineffable,
Broods round and o'er them in the wind's surcease,
And on each tinted copse and shimmering dell
Rests the mute rapture of deep-hearted peace.

Last, sunset comes—the solemn joy and might
Borne from the west when cloudless day declines—
Low, flutelike breezes sweep the waves of light,
And lifting dark green tresses of the pines,

Till every lock is luminous—gently float,
Fraught with hale odors up the heavens afar
To faint when twilight on her virginal throat
Wears for a gem the tremulous vesper star.

—Paul Hamilton Hayne.

Timrod, Hayne and Lanier—Representative Southern Poets.

[Introduction by Prof. J. W. Abernethy to "The Southern Poets." No. 241 of Maynard's English Classic Series, (Maynard, Merrill & Co., Pubs., New York City). Reprinted in The Progressive Farmer by special permission.]

The representative poets of the South are Timroad, Hayne, and Lanier. Poe is commonly regarded as a Southern poet, but his relation to the South is accidental rather than essential. His poetry in its themes, color and atmosphere is hardly more native to the South than to any other part of the United States. In fact, he is the least local of all our poets. But the poetry of Timrod, Hayne, and Lanier could have been produced nowhere except in the South. They represent the most distinctive qualities of the Southern character, its fine chivalrous sentiment, its political and patriotic fervor, its breadth and hospitality. Nowhere else have we so clear an expression of the spirit of ante-bellum days as in Timrod and Hayne. Nature was loved by these poets with a deep interpretative sympathy, and the nature of their poetry is always Southern in its aspects; their landscapes and atmosphere are true to the Southland, filled with the perfume of jessamine, vocal with the mocking-bird's song, and aglow with the heat of an ardent sun.

Not only because these poets are so thoroughly representative of their section should their poetry be read and studied, but for its inherent poetic interest and value. Each of these poets made contributions of permanent worth to our national treasury of song, and one of them wrote poetry of an original and unique quality, the power and beauty of which will pretty certainly be recognized increasingly with the progress of the years. No list of American poets can be complete without the names of Timrod, Hayne, and Lanier, and no school serves the interests of its pupils properly that fails to introduce them to these poets with the other accepted poets of our land.

The lives of these three poets constitute the most pathetic story in the history of our literature, or perhaps of any literature. Favored in youth with the fairest prospects afforded by the centers of Southern culture, they were suddenly enthralled by circumstances the most unfavorable and forbidding for the realization of their joyous and high hopes of art. At the first sound of the guns in Charleston harbor they threw themselves into the awful conflict of the Civil War, and no soldier ever served his country and his conscience more patriotically and devotedly than did these young poets, each in his own possible way. And when the bitter conclusion came, with ruined fortunes and with the burden of incurable disease, developed through exposure and deprivation, they turned again with brave hearts to their chosen pursuits. To attempt to live by poetry, in any period, is accounted by the practical mind to be a species of unmitigated folly; to devote one's self to poetry at a time when the desolation of war rests upon the land and all its people, as did these poets, is a remarkable illustration of the compelling force of high ideals. Out of the ashes of their early hopes and enthusiasms they gathered a few live sparks and nursed them to a noble flame. Their achievement could not be great, as we understand that term is the broad realms of art, but it is great enough to form an imperishable monument to their broken, suffering lives that every lover of poetry holds in reverent regard. The sequel of their life story gives peculiar force to what Timrod wrote in his "Vision of Poesy" of the poet's mission and reward:

"Thus shall his songs attain the common breast,
Dyed in his own life's blood, the sign and seal,
Even as the thorns which are the martyr's crest,
That do attest his office, and appeal
Unto the universal human heart
In sanction of his mission and his art."

*This is No. 1 of a series of Southern Poems selected especially for The Progressive Farmer and Cotton Plant by the Editor.

Reasoning.

"Parlor chairs? Yes, ma'am," said the salesman. "I suppose you want something stylish and yet comfortable—"

"Not too comfortable," replied Mrs. Schoppen. "My parlor chairs will be used mostly bv callers."—Philadelhpia Press.

An Initial That is not an Initial.

The Democratic candidate for Governor of New York has a peculiarity of name such as probably nobody else in the country enjoys. It is D Cady Herrick—no period after the D to indicate that it is an abbreviation, for it is not. This results, we are told, from a difference between the father and mother about the name for the baby. The latter wanted him named simply Cady Herrick. The father wanted a double name. The old man got the better of the controversy and the boy, when old enough, wrote his name D Cady Herrick and the man continues to so write it, though the D stands for nothing except parental Difference. It is an odd case, isn't it?—Charlotte Observer.

Ten Commandments for the Mother.

1. Be healthy.
2. Be joyful.
3. Be beautiful.
4. Be gentle and placid.
5. Be firm without severity.
6. Do not stint with your mother love. Tenderness is not effeminacy. And just because life often is cold and hard and cruel, a sunny, bright, glad childhood is a blessing for the whole life.
7. Discipline as life disciplines. It does not scold, it does not plead, it does not fly into a passion. It simply teaches that every deep has its adequate effect.
8. Do not laugh at the little sorrows and pains of child life. Nothing wounds a child more than to find ridicule where it looked for sympathy.
9. In illness and anger protect, nurse, cherish, and cheer as much as in your power. And do not weaken your vitality by giving way to anguish and sorrowing. What can be done must be done as well as possible.
10. Do not forget the happiness of having a child include the duty of smoothing his way in the world—of endowing him with health, gladness, courage, vigor; of finally letting him live his own life freely and in his own way. Your say you have had in advance, for your sorrowing was happiness and your sacrificing joy.—Translated for Harper's Bazaar from Die Illustrirte Frauenzeitung.

Farmer Parker.

Knowing that our farmer readers would like to know what sort of a farmer Judge Parker is, we went to the barn lot and saw his fine hogs, cattle, sheep and horses. They were equal to almost anv that we had ever seen at a State Fair, especially his hogs and cows. The first thing that attracted our attention near the gate was a yoke of the largest oxen that we ever saw hauling a wagon load of ensilage to be packed away in a sixty-ton silo for winter feed. The farm was well cultivated and showed that its owner was as good a farmer as he was a judge.—H. A. London, in Chatham Record.

Senator Gorman's Advice.

"Senator Gorman's friends (and foes) know that his qualities as leader are at least masterly, but how far they trust to his judgment may not be so well known to the reading public. One of the statesman's friends had a dream not so long ago which he is telling, and it makes clear the whole Maryland situation," says the New York Times.

"He was standing before heaven's gate, and St. Peter was just opening it. As it swung back the venerable warden asked the name of the new arrival, and proceeded to look up his record in a great book. Then he said, 'Enter!'

"The Marylander hesitated. He looked all around him and scratched his head, but he did not advance toward the open gate.

"'Why do you hesitate?' asked the saint. 'Enter!'

"'Well, I hope it's all right,' said the other, slowly, 'but I do wish I could have a word with Gorman before taking so important a step.'"

The Efficacy of Prayer.

At a prayer-meeting in Mississippi during the Civil War a Presbyterian brother offered this prayer:

"O Lord, we thank thee for all thy boundless goodness; for this rich and beautiful land of ours; for our brave women and valiant men. We thank thee that we are fully able to take care of ourselves on land; but, O Lord, we do most humbly implore thy assistance when the Yankees send those infernal gunboats to destroy us."

Prolonging the Honeymoon.

Most love stories come to an end when the honeymoon commences, but I think it is the place where the best love story of life ought to begin. I have no sympathy with the notion that the first moon of married life has the most honey in it. True love, like true religion, grows sweeter every year. If you have married the wrong woman, bear the fruit of your misjudgment like a man.

Being married, you are bound by every law to pull together; and if you are hitched wrong, pull your best anyway. You supposed she was all honey. Now you find her a jar of vinegar—but are you quite sure you are all honey? Here are some rules which, if adopted at the beginning of married life, will make every moon a honeymoon: Be absolutely true to your wife. Never give her the slightest cause to be jealous. The Bible says: "Jealousy is cruel as the grave." Some one has well said: "Take care that your hearts don't need much washing, for they may perhaps need wringing also if they do."

A husband will keep his wife's love usually if he keeps his own. Most women can say: "I loved him because he first loved me." Love is born of love, and grows with the habit of it. He who rests content with the love received at betrothal will soon lose that. If the courting keeps up, the honeymoon will never be over.—Exchange.

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